

Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

Mother to Son

Well, son, I'll tell you:
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it,
And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor—
Bare.
But all the time
I'se been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's,
And turnin' corners,
And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
So boy, don't you turn back.
Don't you set down on the steps
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now—
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

Langston Hughes

Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park is sponsored by the Friends of the Takoma Park Maryland Library together with the School of Art and Design at Montgomery College; Columbia Union College; and the Takoma Park Department of Public Works. For more information go to www.FTPML.org.

Andrea Adams, designer